*Anne.* Now forsooth, why do you stay me?
What would you with me?

*Slen.* Nay, for my owne part, I would little or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my Vncle can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me, why so. If not, why then happy man bee his dole.

*Anne.* You say well, Master *Slender*.
But first you must giue me leaue
To be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

*Slen.* Why by God theres neuer a man in Christendome can desire more. What, haue you Beares in your Towne, Mistresse *Anne*, your dogs barke so?

*Anne.* I cannot tell Master *Slender*, I think there be.

*Slen.* Ha, how say you? I warrant y'are afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?

*Anne.* Yes trust me.

*Slen.* Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run to a Beare, and take her by the muzzle,
You neuer saw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.

*Anne.* Will you go in to dinner, Master *Slender*?
The meate stayes for you.

*Slen.* No faith, not I, I thanke you,
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate
Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tell you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a dish of stewd pruines, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hit my shin: yes faith.

*Enter*



*Enter Master Page.*

*Page.* Come, come Master *Slender*, dinner staies for you.

*Slen.* I can eate no meate I thanke you.

*Page.* You shall not chuse, I say.

*Slen.* Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.
Nay by God Mistris *Anne*, you shall go first,
I haue more manners then so, I hope.

*Anne.* Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Sir Hugh and Simple from dinner.*

*Sir Hugh.* Harke you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* house, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the streete, and enquire of his house for one Mistris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try Nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her, it is about M. *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

*Sim.* I warrant you sir.

*Sir Hugh.* Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.
I will go make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheese behinde.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffes Host of the Garter, Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the boy.*

*Fal.* Mine Host of the Garter.

*Host.*

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